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W. J. Willey.

Mr. Henry Clay
Washington City
D.C.



One Whaley —

THE BASIS

OF ALL REAL HAPPINESS,

As well as all true Honor and Glory.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

APOLLONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

OF

MADISON COLLEGE,

UNIONTOWN, PA.

FEBRUARY 22, 1842.

BY W. T. WILLEY.



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1842.

Madison College, Feb. 23, 1842.

W. T. WILLEY, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

At a meeting of the Apollonian Literary Society of Madison College, held this morning, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express to you their high gratification in listening to your valuable and eloquent address last evening, and earnestly to solicit from you a copy for publication; if to furnish the same be at all within the range of possibility.

D. FORREY,
J. ADAMS,
E. SMITH. } Committee.

Morgantown, Virginia, 25th Feb. 1842.

GENTLEMEN: Being in the very act of leaving Uniontown to return home, when I received your communication asking for a copy of the address, which I had the honor to make to the "Apollonian Literary Society of Madison College," on the 22d inst. for publication, I had not time then to respond to your request. And, in enclosing a copy of that address now, I assure you that I do so, more in compliance with what seems to be the wish of the Society, than in accordance with my own inclination.

Will you have the goodness to mention to your fellow members, how highly I appreciate their kindness to me during my visit among them, and accept for yourselves, personally, the best assurances of my esteem.

Very respectfully,

W. T. WILLEY.

Messrs. D. FORREY,
J. ADAMS,
E. SMITH, } Committee.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.



Gentlemen of the "Apollonian Literary Society:"

OCCASIONS like the present, are of such frequent occurrence, and the appropriate duties have been so often performed, by men of gifts and learning, that I feel constrained to admonish you, that if you expect from me, any thing new, or even hope to see that which is old, presented in a new and more attractive form, you will, in all probability, be much disappointed.

Indeed it occurs to me, that I cannot better preface the remarks I intend to make, than by referring to a fact, which from its long and general recognition, has become an adage. It is this—*Happiness is an object of universal pursuit*. And however men may differ as to the mode of acquiring it, there can be no dispute, I imagine, as to the fact itself. It is the *summum bonum* of all our desires—the great luminary in the moral heavens, around which the entire family of mankind, amidst all the diversity of their operations, are constantly revolving, each individual indeed, describing a different, and, sometimes, a very eccentric orbit, but all acknowledging the same centripetal influence.

It is the desire of happiness which nerves the arm of the husbandman, as he wields the spade or guides the plough. It is the same desire, operating in a different mode, on the mind of the philosopher, which induces him to point his telescope toward the stars, with a hope of unveiling the mysteries and glories of the distant universe. It has driven the hermit to his cell; and yet it courts the public gaze, the vulgar shout, and the loud huzza. For this, the beggar strolls. For this the hero bleeds. For this,

"The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;

"The sensual in pursuit of something worse:

"The grave of gold; the politic of power;

"And all of other butterflies as vain."

Its ardent votaries are seen scaling the loftiest mountains, ploughing the stormiest seas, and traversing the wildest deserts. And may

I not be permitted to enquire—What is the ultimate object of those youths who are daily crowding and adorning our college halls? What is the motive of yonder faithful student, as he “trims the midnight lamp?” Why is it, that he has thus early, become “sick-limed o’er with the pale cast of thought?”

Yet how few, how very few, of the followers of this universal idol, ever realise their hopes and anticipations! But their disappointment is not to be accounted for by the fact, that mankind are engaged in such a variety of pursuits, and that happiness can be found in one pursuit only; for, besides the fact, that a difference of genius, disposition, and circumstances, would naturally incline and adapt men to different pursuits, it is not the occupation in which we are engaged, nor the success with which we prosecute it, that confers the happiness, but, chiefly, the motives and principles, by which we are prompted and governed.

I. Suffer me, therefore, young gentlemen, to urge upon your consideration to-night, this important fact—*That all true happiness, as well as real honor and glory, is inseparable from the principles and the practice of virtue.*

It is a sad mistake, with which many of the youth in our land step forth and assume their stations and responsibilities upon the great theatre of active life, thinking that mere scientific and literary acquirements, will, of themselves, be sufficient to ensure to them, felicity & honor in the world. Now, in making this remark, it will not be inferred, I hope, that there is any intention, to detract from the invaluable utility of such acquirements; for, besides the propitious influences of the sciences on the physical condition of man, in the reduction of the toils of manual labor, in the multiplication of domestic comforts, in the triumph of the mechanic arts over tide, and time and space, subjecting all the elements of nature to the payment of rich contributions to the wants, pleasures, and elegancies of life, and in a thousand other modes—besides all this, virtue itself, is, to a great extent, dependant for its very existence, upon intellectual improvement. Because there can be no correct conduct without correct thought. Our actions, to be uniformly proper, must be the results of correct principles; and these can exist, only where a liberal education sheds its beneficent light upon our moral pathway.

But without wishing to lessen mere literary and scientific attainments in your estimation, I must be permitted, nevertheless, to admonish you, that these alone will never beget in the hearts of individuals, or of communities, as a necessary result, that sacred regard for justice, and truth, which is essential to the welfare and happiness of mankind. They may tend to the promotion of correct moral principle, and consequently, to a greater or less extent, to correctness of moral conduct. But it is only a tendency. The powers of the mind may be enlarged and improved to any given extent, while the affections and desires of the heart are untouched.

One might suppose, indeed, that the soul, with its faculties thus expanded, and with new and rich sources of rational enjoyment thus opened, would naturally soar away from the low and grovelling scenes and base affinities of vice and sensuality, and seek its felicity in higher and holier pursuits, more compatible with its nature and destiny. To such a mind, the consequences of error, being better understood, ought to be more terrible; and the beauties of truth being better appreciated ought to be more attractive.

But history and experience leave no room for speculation here. A cursory examination of the present and past condition of France (to come no nearer home) will satisfy a reasonable mind on this point. Dr. Fisk, (than whom I suppose there were few men more capable of forming a correct opinion, on such a subject) who visited France a few years since, for the special purpose of examining her system of schools and education, uses this emphatic language, as the result of his observations—"France cherishes beyond any other nation, yes, I hesitate not to say beyond any other nation, the sciences and the arts."

Yet what is the moral character and condition of this land of libraries and lyceums, institutes and laboratories, faculties and colleges? It has been called by way of distinction, "a nation of philosophers." She claims that she has done more for the sciences than any other nation, and as much for the arts. She boasts of being the land of wit and philosophy, of eloquence and song. Nor are her pretensions altogether vain: for there are her Dacias, and De Staels, her Mirabeaus, and Rossiaus, her Voltaires and her Condorcets, her Buffons, and her Diderats, and a host of other stars of the first magnitude in the canopy of literature and science. But where is her morality? Where is that jealousy of wrong, which blushes at the least impeachment of falsehood and crime? Look at her domestic manners! She gives loose reins to the sensual and vicious propensities of the heart, and openly proclaims that restraints upon its desires, are the only obstacles to true happiness. Look at her plots and counterplots—her bloody assassins and her "infernal machines." What is marriage there? Where is the reverence of filial affection? Where are the regard and protection of parental love? Is the right of property secure in that land of science? Is liberty, is life beyond the reach of abuse? Or rather, has not society at large swung loose from its moorings, to drift, without compass or rudder, over the foaming surges of crime and folly.

Permit me to offer a brief extract from the report of the Prefect of Paris, made a few years since. I dare not present all the report. It would shock the moral sensibilities of this community. According to this report, there were, in the limits of the single city of Paris, in one year, 657 suicides, 150 murders, 155 murderers executed, 644 divorces, 1210 convicts condemned to the galleys, 1626 to hard

labor, and 64 branded with hot irons. Of these, 7 fathers murdered their children, 10 husbands their wives, 6 wives their husbands, and 15 children their parents. A continuance of the catalogue would strengthen the position I have assumed, if I dare present it. But we have enough already, I presume, to shew that the cultivation of letters and the sciences, does not necessarily establish virtue in the hearts of men; and enough to authorise me to warn you in placing too much reliance on them, in this respect.

Doubtless the great Creator, designed that we should improve our minds to the utmost possible extent. Doubtless too, He desires our happiness. The infinite purity and benevolence of His nature forbid any other conclusion; and the economy of His providence, and the arrangements of all the visible creation, amply attest the same fact.

“For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;

“For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;

“Seas roll to waft me; suns, to light me, rise;

“My footstool, earth; my canopy, the skies.”

It is, likewise, an obvious inference from the infinite purity and holiness of the Deity, that if He thus desires the happiness of His creatures, that happiness must consist in virtue. And hence, to suppose otherwise, would not only be, to subject ourselves to disappointment, but would, in fact, be arraying our own poor opinions against the gracious purposes and attributes of an all-wise Creator. So that to rely upon science, or literature, or wealth, or power, or crowns, or kingdoms, or any other such *desideratum* as sufficient to satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of the immortal soul, is not only a miserable and dangerous fallacy—it is downright presumption.

It may be true, as already intimated, that a knowledge of the sciences, expands the mind, quickens its sensibilities, and opens new and rich fields of rational felicity. But unless we are under the strictest control of moral rectitude of principle, these enlarged faculties and enlivened sensibilities of the soul, will only render us more acutely sensitive to the stings of a guilty conscience.

Indeed there seems to be, not only a necessary and indissoluble connection between vice and misery; the all-wise Creator, for wise and benevolent purposes, has not only so arranged it, that, out of the path of virtue, men must necessarily be wretched; but it will be found, that a virtuous and upright heart heightens those pleasures which are of a purely intellectual character. It purifies the mental vision. It purges the films from the eyes of philosophy herself—and sheds a brighter, holier, lovelier lustre on all the beauties of the visible universe.

But it appears to me, that the fact we are attempting to establish, is susceptible of irrefutable demonstration, from the very nature of things. Suppose, for illustration, that all mankind, every where, yielded complete obedience to that great and comprehensive scriptural injunction: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor, as thyself." What a happy state of society would ensue! Those volumes of penal enactments which have been accumulating upon the shelves of our law libraries for a thousand years, might soon be abandoned to the spider and the antiquarian. That admonishing system of jurisprudence, which has grown up to be the wonder of the world, combining the results of the labor, learning, and wisdom, of the brightest and best intellects that ever adorned humanity; would in a short time, be fit only for a place in your cabinet as a curious relic. No more would be seen the assassin's hand crimsoned in a brother's blood. No more would the torch of the midnight incendiary startle us by its horrid glare. The sanguinary "dogs of war," would be forever kenneled. There would neither be "wars nor rumors of war." Charity would cast her broad soft mantle over our infirmities; and green-eyed prejudice would hide her hideous head; and foul-faced envy, would slink back into her filthy cave; and bloody bigotry would flee from the fires of persecution; and the manacles would fall from the chafed limbs of the martyr; and the livid lips of slander,

———"whose breath
 "Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 "All corners of the world,"

would be sealed in everlasting silence; and the deep fountains of the sympathetic affections, would be broken up, and rich and copious streams of joy, and comfort, would flow out to the relief of indigence, distress and misfortune. Nay! our very thoughts would be pure; for, "Charity thinketh no evil."

The selfishness of the world, as it now exists, poisoning all the fountains of social bliss, and destroying the peace and harmony of society, would be absorbed in a generous and active benevolence. Exact and equal justice would be the desire of every heart—political justice, regulating all the relations of the magistrate and the citizen; economical justice adjusting and controlling the intercourse of families; ethical justice, levelling those artificial barriers and conventional distinctions, now necessary to the welfare of the state, and securing by a defence, stronger than the arm of the law, the perfect enjoyment of property, of liberty, and of life. There would no more be seen "The oppressor's wrong, and the proud man's contumely." What peace, what order, what confidence, what joy, what security, would reign through all departments of society!

Pardon me, if I should seem a little prolix in my remarks here.

for I am fearful that the importance of this subject is not only neglected in the dreamy anticipations of the youthful aspirant after this world's honors, but is too slightly regarded by those to whom we sometimes entrust the tuition of the rising generation. There are, indeed, several instances in this country, where piety and moral and religious worth have been excluded from our public seminaries, by legislative enactment; and it will be found that the whole economy of a very large proportion of the existing institutions of learning in the United States, is directed to the advancement of literary and scientific acquirements, to the total exclusion of all kinds of moral tuition. Such acquirements are eulogized, as an antidote against every infirmity. An orator of no small degree of celebrity in Europe, Mr. Phillipps—with greater fertility of fancy and exuberance of language than propriety of sentiment, as it seems to me, represents them as a kind of *panacea* for every evil; dispelling the gloom of the dungeon, solacing the solitude of the exile, and buoying up their fortunate possessor under the accumulated burden of all this world's misfortunes.

We are told too, that “knowledge is power.” And so it is. But it does not follow that the possession of power will, necessarily, make us happy. Power, in the abstract, cannot produce a pleasurable emotion in the heart. And if the principles we have been attempting to illustrate, be correct, it follows that nothing but a righteous and beneficent exercise of power, can make us happy, either as the possessors, or as the subjects of it. Is there not power in the whirlwind? Is there not power in the storm? Is there not a terrible power in the earthquake, when the globe itself is rocking to and fro, like a wand in the grasp of a giant, and mountains topple from their firm basis, and cities, and temples and towers are scattered in ruins. “Truly, “knowledge is power;” but uncontrolled by the principles of justice and virtue, it is too often the power to betray, to oppress, and to destroy.

But as a practical exemplification of the truth of the propositions we are discussing—

“Take one example to our purpose quite.”

It will be perceived, that reference is made to Lord Byron. He was a man endowed with intellectual faculties of the highest order. He was gifted with a genius not second to that of Milton or Homer. He had a mind stored with the choicest treasures of knowledge. He had lingered long around “Castalia’s classic fountains;” and had drank “deep from the Pierian spring.” Yet he lived the very personification of misery itself, a voluntary exile from his native land, wandering like a vagabond over the face of the earth, seeking quietude of mind, and at last plunging into the stormy tide of war, seek-

ing to drown his anguish of soul in the din of barbarian arms.
True! his soul,

———“did sometimes burst the bands of its dismay,
“And on the rapid plumes of song,
“Clothed itself sublime and strong.”

But these corruscations of genius, only served to reveal the gloominess of his soul; as the fitful lightning's flash exhibits to the benighted traveller, the dark chasms, and imminent perils which beset his paths. His muse, sometimes, sang most sweetly of

“Pleasures in the pathless woods,
“Raptures on the lonely shore,
“Society, where none intrudes,
“By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

But the man himself,

“A wandering, weary, worn and wretched thing,
“Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul—
“A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,
“Repined and groaned and withered from the earth.”

But although, through the agency of mere intellectual acquirements, we should succeed in accumulating wealth, grasping power, and even elevating ourselves to the very summit of human grandeur, we shall still fail to obtain happiness, not only because such things are insufficient to satisfy the mind; but also, on account of the mutability of all human affairs. To render our felicity complete, the sources of it must be permanent, unvarying, and constantly within our reach. But the sources just mentioned are not of this character. They are the mere sport and toys of innumerable agencies, over which we have little, or no control; protracted in duration, deteriorated in value, modified in form, and even destroyed, by fire and fraud, and wind and wave, and sword and accident, and a variety of other casualties.

Besides all this—What is Literature, or what are the arts? what are the discoveries of sciences, and the conquests of philosophy? what are the trophies of ambition, and the wealth of a Croesus? what are the crowns of all the Cæsars, and the imperial diadem of a Napoleon? to the man whose conscience is “ill at ease.” The slumbers of the shepherd on his pallet of straw, are sweeter than his.

The consciousness of wrong, harrowing the soul, will pursue us like an evil genius, whithersoever we go, poisoning all our enjoyments. To the guilty conscience, the chalice of pleasure itself, is but a portion of bitterness. A guilty conscience! It is impossible to quench its fiery upbraidings. Its "still small voice," will be heard, even amidst "the clash of resounding arms," causing the heart of the victor to tremble, in the very hour of his triumph. Its secret admonitions, like Banquo's ghost at the feast of Macbeth, will startle us, in the midst of our most jovial carousals. It besets all the paths of folly. It haunts every hiding place of vice. Wealth cannot bribe it. Power cannot intimidate it. Learning cannot evade it. There is no escape from its importunity but at the gallows, or in the grave. The bad man may smile. He may exhibit external complacency; while the tempest is raging within. *Ille se jactat in aula—Æolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.* He assumes a calm exterior in public; but in solitude, in the silence of the night, will conscience, faithful to her post, do her dread offices. Aye! like Richard the Third, of England, after long years of toil, after millions expended, and innumerable dangers passed with the glittering crown newly fitted to his royal brow, shall the pillow of the bad man, be beset with the haggard phantoms of his crimes, conjured up, by a guilty conscience, in terrible succession, till overpowered by the pungency of his anguish, he shall leap unconsciously from his couch, startling the stillness of the midnight hour, with this involuntary exclamation—"I am a villain;" or until, like that guilty monarch, he is willing to give "a kingdom for a horse"—the reward of all his vices, for the means of escaping their penalty.

The prosperity of dissolute and vicious men, very often perplexes the superficial observer of men and things. Indeed, it perplexed the mind of the Psalmist himself. Let me, however, commend to your consideration his conclusions. But although, we may not, at all times, be able fully to comprehend

———"the cause

"Unassuming worth in secret lived, and died

"Neglected; why the good man's share,

"In life was gall and bitterness of soul."

Yet let me rather suffer with virtue, than prosper with vice. Give me a "conscience void of offence," before all the honors and wealth of the world. Sustained by conscious integrity of soul, you shall be able to buffet with misfortune. Lo! upon the wide sea, a gallant ship! How gracefully she yields to the embrace of heaven's breezes, and "skims along the main!" But soon dark clouds arise, and the storm descends upon her in all its fury. Old ocean

lifts up his awful waves. Night adds new horrors to the scene; and still the fury of the hurricane increases. Alarm and consternation seize every bosom; but the cries of despair are drowned in the peals of thunder, the raging of the sea, and the howling of the blast. Shroud after shroud is torn into tatters. Rope after rope betrays its trust; and at last the crashing masts are carried away. The helmsman is at fault—

“Art fails and courage falls; no succor near;

“As many waves, as many deaths appear.”

But still that vessel rides on. Abandoned to her fate, without compass, or rudder, she rides on—*Her beams are of oak; they are sound to the core. There is no fault in her materials.* And when the morning breaks, and the tempest subsides, there she is, with her trust all safe, reposing in peace,

“On the calm blue surface of a summer’s sea.”

So shall the virtuous man survive the bitterest storms of persecution. Though clouds and darkness may obscure his path at mid-day; yet shall the rectitude of his heart and the buoyancy of an approving conscience, bear him along, till light breaks upon his way; and his evening sun at least, shall set in unclouded glory.

II. But mankind, in the second place, are as often mistaken in regard to what their true honor and glory consist in, as they are in relation to the principles of their happiness. Indeed, it quite frequently occurs, that the former are sought, as the objects, which will, necessarily, confer the latter; and hence a false step here, will not only disappoint us of felicity, but erroneous principles in this respect, will be extensively pernicious; for whose bosom is insensible to honor? What young man standing on the verge of the busy world, into which he is about to enter, does not with hopes, bright and ardent, look far along the dim vista of time, and picture for himself, some sunny spot, where, after having won renown and influence, he may realise all the pleasures of power and distinction? Whose eye has not been strained to catch a glimpse of the temple of fame, fondly cherishing the anticipation, that the day shall come, when his name shall roll away from her misty mountain, on the “loudest notes of her swelling trump?” All this is commendable. I would not repress the noble aspiration. But I would tell you that virtue, is the only road to honor. I would remind you that,

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

Is not this proposition susceptible of proof? Now the only perfect and truly honorable and glorious being in the Universe, is God.

In proportion, therefore, as man approximates the character of his Maker, in the same proportion he is an honorable man. Hence, in the same proportion that we are just, upright, charitable, benevolent, and holy, are we honorable; for this, is to be like God. Hence, it follows that it is not the crown, nor the sceptre which confers honor on the king; else the tyrant might be an honorable man; else the magistrate, who tramples upon the rights of the citizen, and wastes his substance, might still be considered an honorable man.

You may place the despot on his throne, clothed with unlimited authority. Mankind will fear him, but they will not revere him, nor honor him, except with the servile homage of fear. Upon the plain principles of common sense, our affections and our distinctions would be conferred on those from whom we derive real benefits. Upon the same principles we would naturally love and cherish the benevolent and the good; and we would naturally hate and oppose the malevolent and the vicious. Hence, even bad men seeking favor of mankind, forthwith assume the guise of virtue. The wolf approaches you in sheep's clothing. And hence virtue is not only the surest, but it is likewise, the easiest, path to honor.

But the fundamental principles of all true and abiding honor, must, necessarily, consist in the will to do good, and in the beneficent and vigorous exercise of that will. For, what is a mere name? what is wealth? what is power in the abstract? Office, or distinctions, and favors of any kind, pre-suppose merit in the person on whom they are conferred. They are, theoretically, at least, the avowed rewards of merit. But nothing which is criminal or wrong can be meritorious; and hence nothing criminal or wrong, can be honorable.

You may be dressed up in a "little brief authority"—you may shine in all the trappings of official dignity; the splendor of your external appearance may bewitch the eyes of the giddy. But what of all this? "The whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones," presents a fair exterior. The Iceberg, rising, as if by magic, out of the Northern seas, into a thousand fantastic forms, of temple, turret, and tower, with the sun blazing upon its burnished battlements, laughing to scorn the skill of the boldest architect, is an object most magnificent to behold. But all within, is cold and inanimate. While it stands, delighting the vision, it is dangerous to approach it; and soon, severed from its crystal moorings, away it drifts, the sport of wind and tide, until it melts into the wave, whence it grew, leaving "not a trace behind." So shall pass away the fairest, firmest structures of crime and folly!

It is said, that the Lizzard, in Egypt, sometimes wriggles itself to the summit of the loftiest pyramid, and basks in the sunshine, where the eagle is wont to prune her wings. But it is a lizzard still. Accidental distinction, or ill-gotten power, cannot make the bad man honorable. Take the successful demagogue, for illustra-

tion. He, like the mole, by (to use an expressive word from Burke) "nuzzling" his way along in dark and secret places, undermining the reputation of the wise and virtuous, and, sometimes, the very foundations of liberty itself, may thus dig, and crawl, and sneak into places of trust and distinction. But he is a demagogue still; and no sooner does the light of heaven, expose his impostures, than fame, forthwith, shuts her temple in his face; and history, faithful to her record, rolls up her scroll, and refuses him a chapter in her annals; & mankind, at large, sooner or later, by common consent, consign him to the infamy and obscurity from which he originally crept. Rest assured, gentlemen, that virtue is the only sure and solid basis of lasting fame. Power, indeed, operating on our fears, may command the slavish adulation of the sycophant; office, through the influence of its patronage, may rally a fickle band of mercenary retainers; wealth, and pomp, and pageantry, may bewilder the senses of the vulgar multitude; but virtue, and virtue only, can win the hearts, and retain the affections of a free and intelligent people; virtue, and virtue only, can erect a monument that will endure the ravages of time.

I am well aware, gentlemen, of the lamentable frequency, with which bad men succeed, in accomplishing their purposes. But we ought to remember, that success is not always honorable. Nay! we are informed upon the highest authority, that men are wont "to glory in their shame." It is a fact that we are too apt to persecute virtue in distress and render homage to vice in disguise. But although we sometimes, see the good man withering under the noxious influences of envy, malevolence and misfortune; although the giddy, the vain and the corrupt, do, sometimes, for a season, run away with the world's esteem and distinctions; and although we may, occasionally, be called on, to shed a tear upon the grave of the virtuous monk, sunk in hopeless obscurity; yet, on the other hand, where, in all the world's history, can you find a single instance of a bad man, who has risen to power and authority, by improper means, of whose fortune, or of whose fame, it may not, sooner, or later, be said—"How are the mighty fallen!" There is seldom an exception, to the maxim, that—"Truth is mighty and will prevail." The upright man is, sometimes, nay very often, the particular mark, at which envy, malevolence, and unholy ambition, direct their fiercest shafts; and he may sink for a while, under the attack; but his final triumph, is pretty certain. The lofty oak, on the mountain's summit, standing fair to the storm, bends low, it may be, before the terrible tornado, that is sweeping the weaker forest trees from around it; but when the day dawns and the storm abates, it lifts up its unshattered trunk erect and strong, and casts abroad its gigantic arms, over the surrounding desolation, as if in very derision of the blast. So shall the good man survive

the loudest thunders of obloquy and slander, the conflicts of faction, and all the machinations of his foes, and come out, at last, from the furnace of his afflictions, like the statue of "Aristides the Just," from the ruins of Herculaneum, unscathed by the fires of the volcano, unbroken by the concussions of the earthquake, and live in the memory of mankind, and grace the page of history, when the names of his contemners shall have passed away, "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

"Blessed, is the memory of the just; but the name of the wicked shall rot."

In conclusion. I have taken it for granted, gentlemen, that you, like the rest of mankind, are eager in the pursuit of happiness; and I have little less hesitation in supposing, that the world's honors, in some form or other, are set apart in your anticipations, as the cherished objects, that, sooner or later, are to realize your hopes. The honorable evidence of industry and the very creditable indications of talents, this night exhibited by many of you, are gratifying harbingers of your future eminent success. Suffer me, therefore, to repeat, in the most solemn manner, and under the most solemn conviction of the truth of what I say, that neither happiness nor honor, can ever be enjoyed or won, but in the straight path of moral rectitude of principle and conduct. And I would even, address to you, the language, which Burke addressed to the Clergy of England: That "you should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the transient and temporary praise of the vulgar, but to a permanent existence, in the permanent part of your nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the name you shall leave, as a rich inheritance to the world."

Let all your ends be noble and exalted; and in the pursuit of praiseworthy objects, let all your means be justifiable and proper. Never sacrifice the right to the expedient. With your eye fixed on virtue, as the mariner's on the pole-star, hold fast your integrity. Never look back on all the plains of vice. When the syren voice of sensual pleasure shall tempt you from the path of rectitude, hearken not. Like Circe did the companions of Ulysses, she will transform you into beasts. Let all your purposes be upright; and be firm to your purpose. Let other men change; let parties change, let faction clamor; be you steadfast. Let power frown; quail not. Let corruption proffer her richest bribes, and mad ambition her most seductive temptations; yield not. But let the sentiments of your hearts be; *Truth forever!* Let your response to such evil besetments be—my integrity before a crown. Cherish that immortal sentiment—"I would rather be right, than be President."

And if it were not improper, for one like me, I would venture to repeat to you the solemn admonitions of Solomon, who after he had worn the crown, swayed the sceptre, and exhausted every source of sublunary honor and enjoyment, besought men, as the re-

sult of his whole experience; "To hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."

I would dare to recommend to your consideration the example of the wise man, described in the glowing numbers of the British bard—the man who,

"With reason's eye his passions guards; abstains

"From evil; lives on hope, on hope the fruit

"Offaith; purifies his soul; looks upwards;

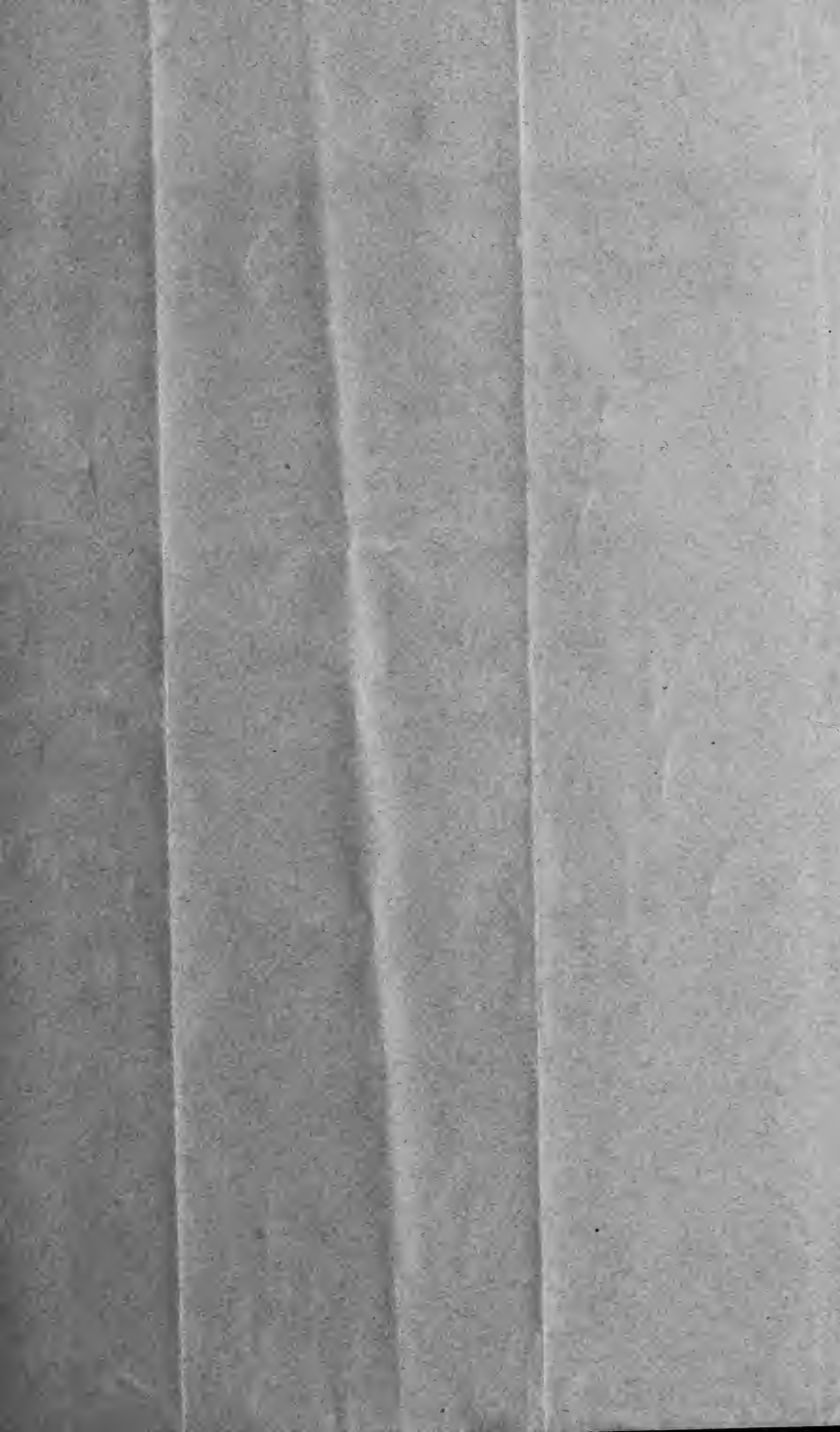
"Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky;

"Passes the sun and gains his father's home;

"And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss."

and all the things that are in the world
 are made of matter. The only thing that is not
 made of matter is the soul. The soul is
 a spirit, and it is not made of matter.
 The soul is the part of us that is immortal.
 It is the part of us that is not affected by
 the things of this world. It is the part of us
 that is the true self. It is the part of us
 that is the eternal life. It is the part of us
 that is the God within us.

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 of us that is immortal. It is the part
 of us that is the soul. It is the part
 of us that is not made of matter. It is
 the part of us that is the spirit. It is
 the part of us that is the eternal life.



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